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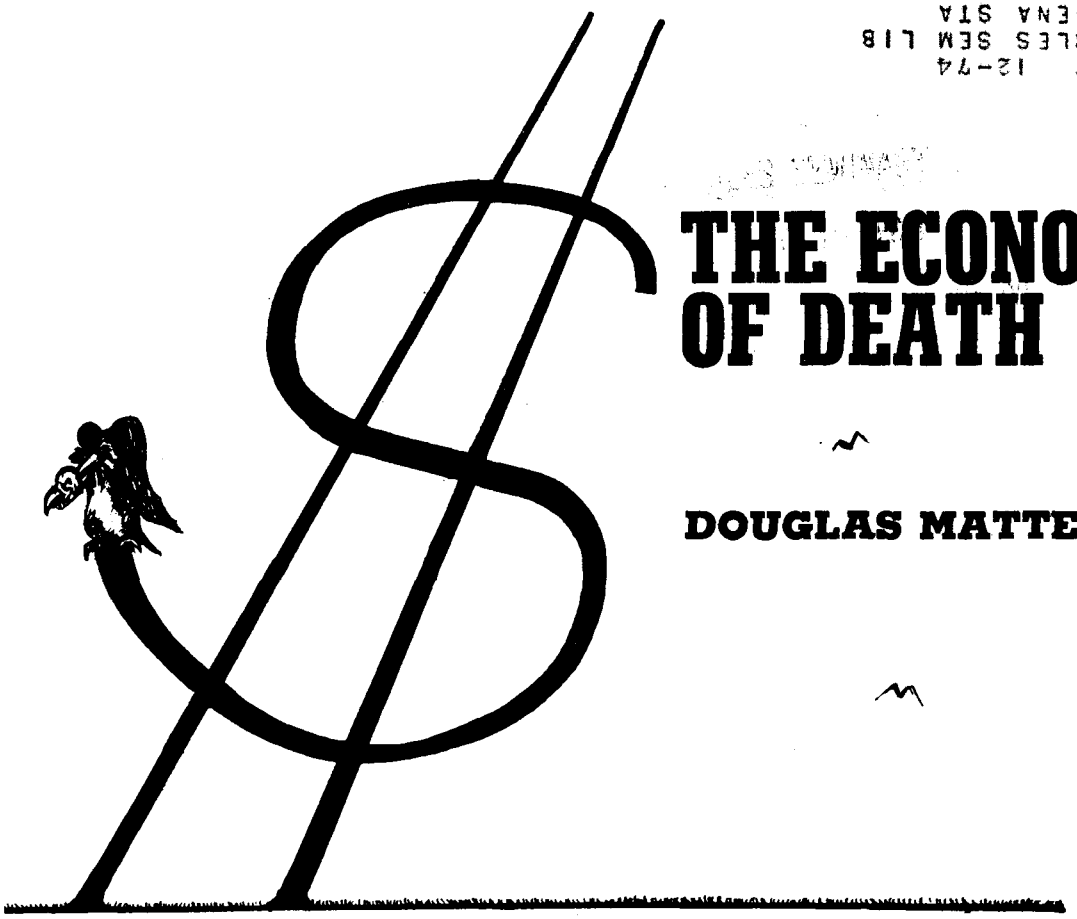

THE ECONOMICS OF DEATH

DOUGLAS MATTERN

WILLARD F. JABUSCH CATHOLICS IN EAST GERMANY
JOHN DEEDY MANAGING LITERARY HISTORY
AGOSTINO BONO EYEING THE PACIFIC
ABIGAIL McCARTHY NO CHEERS FOR FATHER KEANE?
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. GAMBLERS SYNONYMOUS
JEFFREY MEYERS A PSYCHOANALYTICAL AFFAIR
RICHARD P. McBRIEN WOMEN AND THE PRIESTHOOD

CORRESPONDENCE THE O'ROURKE DISMISSAL

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NEWS & VIEWS

Objection, Please

The president of the officially sponsored National Council of Catholic Laity broke with the NCCL board on the issue of amnesty.

Mrs. John Eckstein conveyed the board's recommendation of "conditional amnesty" to President Ford, just prior to his announcement of precisely such an inadequate program.

Then she separated herself from the recommendation.

"Speaking for myself, personally," Mrs. Eckstein wrote, "it seems abundantly clear that these men have suffered and anguished far too much already. Anything less than immediate, unconditional amnesty would be an unconscionable and vindictive act for a nation seeking to be an agent of healing and reconciliation."

That Detroit 'Canning'

In the Sept. 6 News & Views, it was stated that "columnist Brian NcNaught" of the *Michigan Catholic*, newspaper of the Detroit archdiocese, was "canned" after it was learned that he is president of Dignity/Detroit, an organization of Catholic homosexuals. The information, based on national news reports, turns out to be less than fully accurate. He was dropped as a columnist, but continued as a staff reporter.

Editor Margaret Cronyn of the *Catholic* denied that discrimination based on McNaught's "sexual preference" was involved in the cancellation of the column. The column was dropped, she said, "just as columns in the past have been dropped and, no doubt, in the future will be dropped. That's the editor's job: to decide what will appear and not appear in the pages of this paper. It's the editor's prerogative on any newspaper."

Ms. Cronyn's editorial statement appeared to spike the notion that the action against McNaught contravened Detroit's charter providing equal rights for homosexuals. But Dignity's national office in Boston is not entirely sure.

A statement joined in by Dignity's officers and by members of the Salvation Gay Ministry Task Force asks that some "essential facts" be borne in mind:

"It is . . . important to understand that Brian had worked as a columnist and writer for the *Michigan Catholic* for four years after graduating from Marquette University's School of Journalism, and that Brian had been hired originally as a staff writer for the *Michigan Catholic* and that he was appointed a columnist for the *Michigan Catholic* one month after being hired. There is substantial evidence that his appointment as a columnist was based on a verbal and public understanding that legally could be construed as a contract.

"Brian continues to be employed by the *Michigan Catholic* as a writer and reporter. Therefore his case does not involve outright discrimination leading to dismissal of employment. However, his case does involve outright and blatant discrimination resulting in irreparable damage to his career in the public and professional worlds of journalism, to his ability to seek promotion and advancement within his chosen profession, and his right to work in an environment which is free from unnecessary tension and antagonism. The *Michigan Catholic* in dropping his column has effectively eliminated Brian's civil right to 'gainful employment in human dignity' by its discriminatory action."

Ms. Cronyn declined comment on that statement during a phone conversation Sept. 24. She said that McNaught was still a staff member, although he was then a "week and two days overdue" from a two-weeks' vacation.

McNaught has been on a "fast of reparation" since Sept. 16. This will continue, he declared, "until such time as my Church, directed locally by Cardinal John Dearden, Bishop Thomas Gumbleton, Bishop Joseph Schoenherr, Bishop Arthur Krawczyk and Bishop Joseph Imesch, makes a positive commitment to educate themselves and the community of the faithful to the horrible wound inflicted upon their gay brothers and sisters in the name of Christian decency and to work constructively for the elimination of the pain which we, as a Church, have caused."

Ms. Cronyn declared that each day a doctor calls the *Michigan Catholic* to say that Brian McNaught is under medical care and will not be in that day. She added that she did not know if a self-imposed fast can be construed as sick leave. *Michigan Catholic* staffers have a Guild contract.

vonHedemann—Rothco

Nixon and Debs

For a summing up of the Nixon Myth and the Nixon Challenge, what better than the brief letter to the *New York Times* from Henry Beetle Hough of the *Vineyard Gazette* out on the island? Here it is:

"Unregenerate, self-adulatory, negotiating for millions for his memoirs in which to erect a Nixon myth, Richard Nixon, who has degraded the Presidency, confessed to the obstruction of justice and over many months of concocting 'scenarios' of deception, need now make no accounting to the courts of justice, the American people, or to history. He is above the law that applies to common men.

"In another era Eugene V. Debs, pointing up the principle of equal justice, declared, 'So long as any man is in jail, I am in jail.' Now the challenge is: 'So long as Richard Nixon is free, why is any man in jail?'"

Odds and Ends

—Soaring costs have gotten to another journal of opinion. *The Progressive* warns that "unless we can raise almost $100,000 from our subscribers" it will be forced to suspend publication. An appeal letter notes that postage costs have increased by 140 percent; printing costs by 37 percent; paper costs, 60 percent and still rising. Publisher Morris Rubin says *The Progressive* is at "the grim point where the very survival of our magazine is at stake."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

O'Rourke Dismissal

Marina City, Cal.

To the Editors: Maybe I'm old hat (50 years are probably sufficient for that title), but wouldn't it have been prudent for Father O'Rourke to have advised the parents of the Morreale baby to baptize their child themselves?

The dismal notoriety would have been prevented; Father O'Rourke would not seem like a headline hunter; and perhaps the parents would come to realize the privilege of Catholicism and the profound joy of meeting that responsibility in all its forms.

Father's tack of moving in like a holy bull benefited no one or no thing except Father himself and his tasteless aberration towards "good" publicity.

But then I might be old hat.

MANATTA CALKINS

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Thank you for your thoughtful editorial concerning Fr. Joseph O'Rourke [Sept. 20]. I and many of my fellow Jesuits are dismayed and deeply saddened by the grave, hasty action taken by his superiors. Their decision, as you point out, seriously affects us all.

It should be pointed out that baptism does not usually require "consulting procedures." Does the attention of journalists substantially alter the ethical and theological issues involved in this? Who is thought to have the authority to "authorize" a baptism? Or to refuse to "grant" a baptism?

You say: "It is a relatively new and hardly-ever-applied position that the beliefs and morals of the parents should be scrutinized before baptism is granted," and go on to suggest that this might be a good idea under certain circumstances. This one point I hope you will reconsider. It seems to me, under any circumstances, a crude and trivializing idea. What would the meaning of baptism be under such conditions? Do we really want ortho-

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THE PARTY TO BELIEVE

The wake of last week's economic summit and Senator Edward Kennedy's wise withdrawal from the Presidential race give the Democratic party a good chance to show some spunk after months of floundering around, slyly—and perhaps irresponsibly—sitting back while the Republican President and party self-destructed, and the wages of Watergate took their toll.

Within the next two months the Democrats will be preparing their biannual mini-convention; they must decide what kind of an alternative program they will offer America as the nation approaches what may well be a watershed Presidential election in 1976. Appropriately, it is also the Bicentennial year, and the media, schools and many local communities will certainly try to make these next two years a period of public reflection. We will search again for the roots of our national character and, we hope, ask hard questions about the future direction of a society now paralyzed by apathy, demoralized by the failure of its economic system to sustain a high standard of living for all its citizens, disillusioned by the too-late realization that its White House had been taken over by a gang of crooks.

The depression, therefore, to which the Democratic party must respond is not just economic but moral. And if its issues and candidates fail to speak to both aspects of this crisis, the public will smell politics-as-usual, and voter participation in national elections will continue to go down. We will drift along as a has-been country managed by mediocre men, with grafitti and porn as our national literature, lotteries in place of tax reform, a bent flip-top coke can as our national emblem, and Billy Graham and Evel Kneivel alternating as our most admired men.

Historically, the Democratic party has been distinguished by its trust in the people and its programs for social justice based on the right of every individual—weak or strong—to full participation in his society and a standard of living fitting his human dignity. Its greatest leaders—Jefferson, Jackson, Wilson and Roosevelt—were believed because they spoke from a consistent liberal-humanitarian philosophy translated into practical proposals. If the Democrats lose sight of this and simply spend the next two years jockeying for power they will have no more credibility than Nixon, Agnew, Scott, Rockefeller, Stans, Mitchell or the pardon-tarnished Ford.

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First, the issues. On inflation, the Democratic party should realize that the modified laissez-faire position that both parties have held for the past several decades has neither insured economic stability, nor provided for an equitable distribution of our wealth, nor gained a better standard of living for the growing number of unemployed. The government should interfere more, not less, in the forces of the so-called free market. The Democrats might well consider a program like the one outlined by economist Melville J. Ulmer in the October *Atlantic*: a permanent government authority to exercise selective price and wage controls—particularly over monopolies and the health care industry; a full employment program that would supply two to four million jobs by enlisting the jobless in the national service—financed by cutting special-interest subsidies out of the budget and raising taxes.

Then the party should battle for long-held priorities that have yet to get a fair hearing or unified support: radical tax reform; some form of guaranteed income; a slashed defense budget; national health insurance; federal control of energy development, and a toughening, not a slackening, of our environmental controls.

Our foreign policy should change our image from that of an international bully to that of an international brother—built on the true interdependence of nations. The first task should be the alleviation of world hunger, and Americans should be asked to sacrifice. It would be tragic if our national leadership could readily send a generation of young men to die in an ignoble war but could not get us to cut the fertilizer supply on our golf courses or eat less steak to save countless Africans and Asians from starvation.

The final issue is racial justice. America is gradually drifting into its own version of apartheid. A Democratic party that would compromise the goals of equal opportunity, housing and education, for black and white alike—even when this involves restructuring zoning patterns and busing— is not worthy of support. Yet George Wallace has achieved exaggerated party power because so many fellow Democrats appear all too ready to do business with him. Wallace should be told early: no deals.

With this in mind, the Democrats' next question should not be which bright and attractive governor or senator looks like a good Presidential candidate, but rather which would-be leaders have the character and imagination to respond to these ideals.

COMING: Daniel Berrigan writing on the implications of the Joseph O'Rourke case for the Jesuit Order and American Catholicism.

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BRAZILIAN IMPERIALISM

EYEING THE PACIFIC

After attending the Brazilian Presidential inauguration, Bolivia's Hugo Banzer flew to the seaside fun city of Rio de Janeiro to splash in the waves. Although swimming in the Atlantic, his thoughts were of the Pacific. Land-locked Bolivia lost its shoreline to Chile during the War of the Pacific (1879-83) and is now hoping to regain it through the efforts of Brazil.

While Banzer was enjoying the surf, his Chilean counterpart, Augusto Pinochet, was being photographed devoutly receiving Communion in a Catholic church just a short distance away. Pinochet also attended the Brazilian inauguration and, like Banzer, decided to rest a day in Rio before returning to the domestic rigors of running a dictatorship.

Both military Presidents needed the rest. They were part of intense diplomatic sessions orchestrated by Brazil to solidify the growing chain of nations being strung together by the "green giant" of South America. The chain also contains Paraguay and Uruguay.

Most of the four-nation satellite system has been forged since 1970, making Brazil the number-one continental powerhouse. Brazil dominates the Atlantic coast as traditional rival Argentina is now surrounded by Brazilian client-states. Brazilian dreams of extending influence to the Pacific are being realized through ties developed with post-Allende Chile.

The ideological menu of this network is a messianic defense of the capitalist system, heavily peppered with a staunch anti-Communism. The entire platter is served up as a devotion to Western Christianity.

In reality this means that Brazil has been contracted by the U.S. to keep South America safely within the sphere of U.S. economic and political influence. Except for some minor concessions to détente, the U.S. still conducts its Latin-American foreign policy on a cold-war basis. Under this approach the maxim is: That nation which governs best is that in which the military governs most.

The Brazilian military has been in power since 1964. With massive doses of U.S. help, it has brutally repressed

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domestic political opposition, allowing a greater concentration now on foreign policy. It has aided like-minded military men in Bolivia, Uruguay and Chile to assume power, following this up with economic and political offensives to draw them within its orbit. In Paraguay, military support was not needed as the right-wing dictatorship of Alfredo Stroessner, currently the longest-reigning in Latin America, has been in power since 1954.

Although Brazil can only claim partial responsibility for the multinational, multifaceted Chilean coup, it has the main job of insuring that Chilean national life is restricted so that another Marxist president does not emerge. In the Brazilian lexicon this means police state repression with all the purges this implies. The Chilean military are proving to be good pupils.

In adopting the sub-imperial role, Brazil is trying to replace the policeman image with one of the *pater familias*. Partly to develop this image, Brazil is mediating between Chile and Bolivia. Both countries broke diplomatic relations in 1962 over disputes related to the territorial changes caused by the War of the Pacific. Brazil represents the interests of Chile in Bolivia and of Bolivia in Chile. The March 15 inauguration of Gen. Ernesto Geisel as the new military-appointed president of Brazil provided the excuse for a Banzer-Pinochet summit. Under the watchful eye of pater Brazil, the two issued a communiqué pledging initiatives to solve common problems. Bolivia interprets this as regaining a corridor to the sea, and Chile has said nothing in contradiction. Although a territorial transfer is too complex a solution to be achieved in the near future, an expected prerequisite is the reestablishing of diplomatic relations.

Image-building, however, is not the only Brazilian interest in the Chile-Bolivia affair. Cordial relations between the two would strengthen the internal unity of the satellite system and give Brazil a firm foothold in the entire Andean region. Chile and Bolivia form part of a six-nation Andean common market which is in the early stages of economic integration. The other members are Peru, Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela. All four are oil-rich, and, except for Ecuador, all border Brazil, making them attractive for the satellite system. Brazil is heavily dependent on oil imports, having to buy from abroad about 75 percent of its growing domestic needs. The Andean group's 60-million-plus population also provides a large market for Brazilian manufactured exports.

Brazilian business and financial interests already are moving heavily into Bolivia. Brazil, next to the U.S. and international lending institutions, has become the largest creditor to Bolivia. Brazilian diplomats say the Andean nation's small 4.5 million population holds little interest for Brazilian businessmen, but investments are being promoted as a bridge to the entire Andean market.

The Andean country currently under the most pressure from Brazilian expansionism is Peru. Although Peru is militarily controlled, its government is strongly reformist in intent, discussing ways of forming a non-capitalist, nationalistic socio-economic structure. Peru staunchly affirms that its goals are non-Communistic. Ideologically, the fact that it wishes to stray from capitalism makes Peru too leftist for Brazil. Pragmatically, Brazil has designs on the potentially rich oil reserves sitting across the border in the Peruvian Amazon.

Pressure is being exerted through the Chile-Bolivia situation. Peru is automatically drawn into the affair as it sided with Bolivia during the War of the Pacific and also lost territory to the victorious Chileans. According to a 1929 treaty, Chile cannot give land to Bolivia without Peruvian approval. Peru wanted the regulation to prevent Chile from ceding land once belonging to Peru. According to current geography, the best place for Chile to cede a corridor is along a narrow strip of desert just south of the Peruvian border on territory once belonging to Peru. If Chile returned Bolivia's original corridor, this would divide current-day Chile into two geographically seperate parts.

The friendly Chilean-Bolivian atmosphere thrusts home to Peru the shifted political alliances of the region. Under Allende's government, Peru and Chile enjoyed extremely cordial relations as both shared an anti-imperialistic foreign policy. In contrast, both are now engaged in saber-rattling, recalling nineteenth century antagonisms. Through Chilean *machismo*, Brazil is telling Peru to reorient its policies and look more favorably toward Brazilian overtures to work out comprehensive oil deals.

Any Chile-Bolivia agreement is bound to have Brazilian support. Peru would have difficulties mounting an effective opposition without risking further isolation. Even within the Andean group, Peru's attempts at domestic reform are regarded as too experimental, making it odd man out if the group had to choose between it and Chile and Bolivia. To safeguard its interests, Peru may have to eventually join in the Chile-Bolivian talks. This means de facto sitting down with the Brazilians.

The pressure is already having an effect. Peru has refused to become a haven for Chileans forced to leave their country after last year's coup. At best it is offering a transit stop but doing little to help Chileans find a permanent country of residence. Permission to stay is accompanied by a stern warning that Chileans remaining beyond the time limit will be thrown out. International agencies working with these Chileans are getting little cooperation from the government. Peru has fallen into line with the rest of Latin America. Except for Cuba, no country has accepted significant numbers of Chileans as residents. All this is interpreted as part of a U.S.-Brazilian plan to rid Latin America of leftists.

Little by little, Brazil is becoming *pater familias* to half the hemisphere.

AGOSTINO BONO

(Agostino Bono writes frequently on Latin American affairs for U.S. publications.)

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NO CHEERS FOR FATHER KEANE?

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

In Chatham on Cape Cod, where I spent the summer, people swim, sail, play tennis, golf and garden during the day and in the evening gather over drinks and bridge to discuss yacht club races, tennis and golf scores and the Topic of the Day. There is a certain gamesmanship even to this last and a pleasant sense of importance, however fleeting, if you can claim any special expertise on the Topic.

It was with a certain sense of expectation that I realized that the Marlboro Baptism was emerging as the current subject. It came right after the Resignation and just before the Pardon—subjects on which I could not hope to compete with Thomas (Tip) O'Neill or James St. Clair, both members of the local golf club, or with James Rowe, advisor to Presidents since Roosevelt's time and a member of the beach and tennis club.

The baptism was a different matter. and people were quite excited about it. They took positions at once. There was the Unitarian Universalist of 80. "But I didn't think you believed in infant baptism," I said. "But of course I don't, my dear," she said, "but that has nothing to do with it. The woman wants her child baptized. That's what matters." A woman who no longer goes to church, but was brought up a Presbyterian and presumably anti-hierarchical, felt that it was the absolute duty of Cardinal Medeiros to order the child baptized. I heard a man in the Barnstable Inn dining room protest loudly to his daughter, "But the Catholics will baptize anybody, *anybody*—even gangsters." The daughter observed that the gangsters' gangsterism might not be a matter of public knowledge, but he was unappeased.

I thought people so keen about the fine points of tennis and bridge might appreciate doctrinal and rubrical fine points as well, and, when it came to baptism, I thought I was as knowledgeable as anyone belonging to the beach club. After all, I was baptized, my children were baptized, and I had been a godmother, or a proxy one, seventeen times. The first response "made by the godparent on the child's behalf" still comes trippingly to my tongue. Priest: "What do you ask of the Church of God?" Godparent: "The faith." "What does the faith offer you?" "Eternal life."

I had even had some mild brushes with clerical intransigence about baptism in the past, although the first, having occurred at my own christening, was a matter of hearsay. Monsignor Maximilian Wurst refused to baptize me "Abigail" because he did not think it a fit name for a Christian. My mother had she been there—they baptized babies in those days before the mother was up and about—might have argued that her sister, aunt and grandaunt had been so baptized in that very parish. (It is unlikely that the monsignor would have yielded, those baptisms having been done by the French, therefore suspect, priests who preceded him.) At any rate, my father pulled "Eleanor" out of the air; I went down on the parish register as Eleanor Abigail, destined to be at a disadvantage thereafter in competition with classmates named Margaret Mary and Mechtilde whose patron saints were well known. (Whatever Monsignor thought, Eleanor is not in most *Lives of The Saints.*)

Then not so many years ago in Washington a family friend was rejected as godfather by the suffragan Episcopal bishop of the diocese, also a family friend—it was embarrassing all around. The bishop was renowned for his relevance and the prospective godfather was reported to be connected to the CIA, but the reason for the rejection was purely traditional. A Roman Catholic godfather was not acceptable for a child seeking faith from the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Without making any judgments, I thought that my limited experience indicated that Mrs. Morreale's plight was not without precedent. Pastors of more than one denomination were apt to impose conditions for baptism in the past—however one might deplore the fact. Of course, I was sure that a mother who would not renounce Mr. Baird and his abortion clinic on her child's behalf would not have settled for a different name or a new godfather, either.

But there were things I was not so sure about. If she was so contemporary in one way, why so uncontemporary in another? Why hung up on infant baptism? Dissident students of my acquaintance tend to decry infant baptism as a trap making them Catholic statistics before they had any free choice. And as for the new theologians—I know as one of them puts it, "many Catholic parents, teachers, and catechists are asking themselves why we baptize in infancy at all, and what their responsibilities are to the young people and children who have been baptized."

On the other hand I had no answer for the former Catholic (now a devout Protestant)—admittedly a rather structured personality—who asked me, "Doesn't she know that the minister of baptism can be any baptized lay person? When I was a Catholic I baptized my children with the water from my bedside table in the hospital. I wasn't taking any chances on Limbo for my children, thank you. And *why* did *she* wait *three* months?"

It was evidently the same concern about Limbo that prompted Father John Keane, pastor of the irregular chapel of St. Roger at St. Mary at Dedham-West Roxbury, to offer to

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THE ECONOMICS OF DEATH

DOUGLAS MATTERN

More overkill for the military

In a recent speech dealing with the national economy, President Ford declared that we must reduce federal spending as a means to fight inflation. In the same speech he also asserted that no significant reduction should be made in the military budget. As nearly fifty percent of every tax dollar collected by the federal government is allocated for military expenditures, such a policy is totally incongruous. It is also typical of the cruelly distorted priorities and values of our society.

Since World War II the United States has expended over $1 trillion (one thousand billion)on military programs. This year the military budget is another record, amounting to an expenditure of nearly $250 million per day. On a more personal level it means the average American family will spend nearly $1,500 on military programs as compared to a little over $200 on education and less than $50 on all environmental programs.

The great tragedy with this budget is that much of it is designed to pay for massive new genocidal weapon systems. This includes the Trident submarine missile system and the new B-1 Bomber. Together, these two programs will cost well over $100 billion before completion.

The Trident submarine is proposed as a replacement for the Polaris/Poseidon submarine fleet which is not even due for final completion until 1975. This fleet consists of 41 submarines, 10 of the older Polaris design and 31 which have been converted to what is termed the Poseidon configuration. Essentially, this means they have been converted to carry the Poseidon missile which is equipped with multiple warheads (MIRV).

The change leaves at 16 the number of missiles carried by the submarine. But with MIRV each individual missile can carry as many as 10 to 14 nuclear warheads, every warhead with its own preselected target and computerized guidance system. Every one of the Poseidon submarines now patrolling the oceans has the capability to destroy over 100 major cities. The full Polaris/Poseidon fleet has 656 ballistic missiles capable of hitting 5,120 separate targets with a nuclear device several times more powerful than the one which destroyed Hiroshima.

But this is not enough for the Pentagon. This system is to be replaced by the Trident program. At 16,000 tons, the Trident submarine would be twice the size of the Polaris. Rather than carrying 16 missiles, the Trident will carry 24, with each missile capable of carrying more nuclear warheads than the Poseidon. Trident I will have a range of 4,500 miles, and a later version (Trident II) a range of 6,000 miles. Each Trident submarine will cost over $1 billion. Lockheed Missiles and Space Corporation has received a Pentagon contract of $1,300,000,000 for the first Trident missile.

Of our 1,000 land-based Minuteman missiles, 550 have already been converted to the multiple warhead system through mammoth contracts which have moved Boeing into the number-three position in military contractors. We also have 54 Titan missiles which carry monstrous hydrogen warheads far too heavy for conversion to the MIRV system. They carry warheads hundreds of times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb. There are also some 400 long-range bombers (B-52) which also carry the large hydrogen bombs. In fact, one of these planes can carry far more destructive power

DOUGLAS MATTERN, *a long-time peace activist, is chairman of the World Citizens League. His articles have appeared in* Challenge, Catholic World *and other magazines.*

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than the combined explosives used by all sides in World War II, or for that matter all the other wars in history.

Altogether, the United States has tens of thousands of nuclear weapons stockpiled, with over 7,000 actually targeted and ready for instant use. In 1977 this figure will be increased to over 9,000 under the terms of the SALT I agreement which simply sanctioned the arms race rather than decreasing it. By this time the Soviet Union will have nearly 4,000 warheads targeted. Their lack in equal number is partially made up in larger warheads.

But in the real world these figures are basically meaningless, or more accurately, an insane numbers game played at the expense of humanity. Most armament experts place the number of nuclear weapons which could be used in an all-out exchange in the neighborhood of 400. This before virtual annihilation occurred between the main protagonists and all peripheral countries. Many top experts give a much lower figure. Dr. Herbert York, former science advisor to both the Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations, places the figure as low as 10. McGeorge Bundy, former special assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, wrote: "In the real world of real political leaders, whether here or in the Soviet Union, a decision that would bring even one hydrogen bomb on one city of one's own country would be recognized in advance as a catastrophic blunder; ten bombs on ten cities would be a disaster beyond history; and a hundred bombs on a hundred cities are unthinkable."

If only a few hundred nuclear bombs at most will virtually destroy our civilization, why do we have tens of thousands stockpiled and over 7,000 currently targeted? Or simply, why produce more overkill when our capacity is already rated at some 30-40 times every human being on this planet? Other than irrational reasons, the answer is both political and economic. Even though it is totally meaningless, the patriots desperately want to have one more warhead than the Russians in the pathetic illusion that this makes us number one. Even George McGovern fell victim to this chauvinistic madness during the 1972 Presidential campaign when he eventually relented to the hawks and exclaimed that he would never allow America to become the second rated power. Very, very few politicians have either the courage or wisdom to state the situation as it really exists, preferring to play it safe and accept the Pentagon line.

In the political sphere the public deceit surrounding the arms race is incredible, to say the least. Earlier this year James Schlesinger, Secretary of Defense, stated that we must increase our armaments in order to have disarmament. While this surely warmed the hearts of the arms manufacturers, it amounted to the same doublespeak that had this country waging a war in Indochina for peace, destroying Vietnamese cities in order to save them, and conducting a criminal bombing policy for national honor.

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger recently told a news media audience that the spread of multiple warheads must be halted due to the very dire consequences. True enough! But in typical fashion Kissinger neglected to mention that our nation has, through a crash program, already converted over 70 percent of our sea-based ballistic missiles to the multiple warhead system, and the majority of our land-based ICBMs. The Soviet Union, in their attempt to catch-up in this international game of genocide tested their first MIRV earlier this year.

Equally important is the economic motivation. Armaments are big business, whether it is for national supplies or foreign sales. In the latter case this has evolved into a nearly $15 billion annual business, primarily to third world countries. As might be assumed, the United States is number one in sales and the Soviet Union number two. It has been estimated that the United States is responsible for scattering some $50

billion worth of armaments around the globe during the past 25 years. No wonder we see Greeks and Turks, and so many other peoples, killing each other with American-made weapons!

There is of course the matter of national industry and jobs. At some $30 billion annually contracted to private business by the Pentagon, this is one of the pillars of our national economics. A primary example is Lockheed Missiles Corporation. With the Polaris/Poseidon program scheduled for completion next year, what would Lockheed do without a new Trident contract? This is the same situation which exists throughout the military/industrial complex.

The sale of armaments to the third world countries is a major tragedy. The U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency estimated that military expenditures by underdeveloped nations are rising at double the rate of their economic growth. But this matters little to the arms manufacturers or our government. In an article appearing in the *New Republic* Stanley Karnow states that Administration officials currently contend that the arms trade is indispensable to the U.S. balance of payments *and jobs*. Adm. Thomas Moorer, former Chair-

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man of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said, "If we provide the material, our power to persuade is enhanced." Former Secretary of State William Rogers stated that if military customers "don't get the planes from us they will get them someplace else." And former Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard said increased arms sales were necessary for "maintaining an adequate defense posture at a minimum cost."

Earlier this year *Barron's Financial Weekly* stated that "barring an unforeseen deepening of the energy crisis, the higher outlays (military) are likely to mean a continuation of defense contractors' earnings gains for the foreseeable future." This is further supported by the Brookings Institute which estimates our military budget will increase to $100 billion by 1978 and $110 billion by 1980.

At Rockwell International, a major contractor for military aircraft, Board Chairman Willard Rockwell, Jr. anticipated gains of 25 percent in sales and 30 percent in earnings in the first quarter and continued improvement throughout the year. General Dynamics, another major military aircraft contractor, has a backlog of $2.6 *billion,* the largest in their history.

The escalation in the nuclear armament field is matched in the area of conventional arms. The new B-1 Bomber, which could be used in either nuclear or conventional warfare, is the Air Force's proposed replacement for the B-52 and the FB-111 bombers. Each B-1 will carry 40 tons of weapons, be equipped with the most advanced electronics systems for automated warfare, and cost over $50 million. Although the Pentagon recently completed a multi-billion modification of the B-52, they want it replaced with the B-1. Cost estimates for these bombers, including tankers and other supporting equipment run up to $60 billion. Its desirability by the military can be summed up in the following statement from *Air Force Magazine*: "Any future U.S. Military involvement in limited wars should be based on the early and proper use of airpower with the defended allies providing the bulk or all of the ground forces."

Other new weapons in the conventional field include super napalm, and napalm-phosphorus-thermite bombs which disperse over a wide-area and burn at a higher temperature. There are "improved" anti-personnel bombs (fragmentation) which have a higher kill ratio and which can be released from supersonic aircraft. Another of the new weapons is the Fuel Air Explosive Weapon. This disperses a fuel over a large area which is then ignited with grenades, thus incinerating everything within a large area.

High on the priority list is the Hard Structure Munition (HMS) bomb. This weapon will have the capacity to penetrate hard targets (bridges, foundations, dikes, etc.) and release its energy inside. There are also new "smart" bombs which have their own TV guidance system, the 7.5 ton bomb used in Vietnam which flattens everything within 10 city blocks; a continuing perfection of the electronic battlefield which was only in the experimental stage in Vietnam, and much, much more.

It is clear that the Pentagon is prepared for any future limited wars such as Vietnam with a massive onslaught of destruction even greater than that which caused millions of casualties in Indochina.

Through an annual budget which exceeds the total budget of almost every country in the world, the Pentagon and its industrial arm have achieved a dominant role over American society. The Pentagon estimated the value of its real and personal property as $214 *billion* in 1970. It is, in fact, the largest business in the world, operating some 2,500 military bases around the globe, and entering into over 20,000 industrial contracts every year.

The domination of the military and its industrial arms over our society, with its corresponding economics of death, must be ended. It is now imperative that we direct our vast wealth, resources and talent toward solving our human and environmental problems. This includes rebuilding our cities, providing adequate medical care and a decent standard of living for all Americans, building new transportation systems, developing new energy sources, and so many other programs vital to our future.

Such a drastic change of priorities will not come easily; it must be pursued at many levels, from direct appeal to Congress or organized opposition similar to that manifest in the anti-Vietnam war movement. Corporations must be exposed for the huge profits they derive from military contracts, and this includes the obscene policy of planned weapons' obsolescence and modification to insure the contracts keep coming in without pause.

The nationalization of all armament industry should be an eventual goal. This would end the odious policy of industrialists and private investors making a profit from war and armaments. It would also end the disgraceful scene of scores of highly paid lobbyists representing the arms industry descending on Washington D.C. every time a military appropriations bill is before Congress. Nationalization would also more easily facilitate major reconversion programs without producing economic chaos.

Public education must center on the simple fact that there can be no major improvements within this society as long as we allow some $80 billion to be spent annually on the military.

A major myth which must be broken is the belief that the genocidal weapons offer more national security. Just the opposite is the case both for this nation and the world community. In fact humanity has never been less secure than today. In this context it is sig-

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nificant to note that the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists,* the magazine created over two decades ago to present the views of well-known scientists on critical issues, has recently changed the famous symbol on its cover. This is a drawing of a clock which formerly displayed the time as *twelve minutes to midnight,* symbolizing the nearness of a possible nuclear holocaust. The time has now been changed to *nine minutes to midnight* in response to the new escalations of the arms race.

The great challenge now facing humanity is to regain control over our destiny. The world community can no longer be left to the whims of a few national leaders pursuing their absurd nationalistic dreams which generally turn out to be nightmares. Some 70 million people have already been slain in a long succession of over 60 wars in only the last 60 years.

Security and peace for humanity lies in eliminating the domination of the military and weapon-makers in the world community; and in eliminating the exploitation by both national governments and multi-national corporations; and most of all by ending unrestricted national sovereignty which allows any government to do whatever it wants, regardless of the barbarism and suffering it brings to other peoples. Governments, and their leaders, must be bound by the same norms of behavior and law demanded of citizens within the nations.

This requires building world democratic institutions which represent all humanity, and which are capable of establishing world law able to provide lasting peace with both social and economic justice, and effectively deal with the critical global problems of hunger and environmental depletion.

Our present situation has best been expressed by the late Teilhard de Chardin: "The age of nations is past. The task before us now, if we would survive, is to shake off our ancient prejudices and build the earth."

CATHOLICS IN EAST GERMANY

WILLARD F. JABUSCH

The lot of a small minority

The cathedral of Erfurt enjoys one of the most dramatic sites in Europe, balanced on a hilltop above the central "Marktplatz." Here Martin Luther climbed the soaring staircase and entered the portal beneath the Gothic virgin and apostles. On the flagstones between the splendidly carved choir stalls he prostrated himself as the litany of the saints was sung over him during his priestly ordination. Now once again, for the first time since the Reformation, Erfurt has a Catholic bishop to preside in its cathedral church.

Last year an agreement was reached between the Vatican and East Germany which allows for the establishment (or re-establishment) of Catholic dioceses in return for the Church's recognition of the present boundaries between the German Democratic Republic and West Germany and Poland. No longer, for example, will the bishop of Bamberg, in West Germany, claim jurisdiction on the other side of the strongly guarded frontier and attempt to govern the parishes there through a local vicar. Rome has, in effect, recognized the "wall" (built, of course, "to protect the DDR from imperialistic elements") as something real and lasting. The Communist regime is frankly delighted.

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But just because bishops are now appointed to ancient episcopal cities like Erfurt and Magdeburg does not mean that many of the approximately one million Catholics will have an easier time of it. As one of East Germany's one thousand priests told me, "Here we live always amid the politics of hysteria. Our politicians have a guilty conscience and their reactions are abnormal. Who knows what will happen next?"

Catholics represent, of course, only a small minority in this nation of almost eighteen million people. They know well enough that their lot could be better or far worse in neighboring Communist countries. They will never have the numbers and the political power of the Church in Poland. But they also have a certain freedom unknown in Hungary where the seminary is much more rigidly controlled, or in Slovakia where many priests are not allowed to minister to their people and where the provincial of the Jesuits earns his bread as a day laborer.

In East Germany, the one Catholic seminary, located at Erfurt, is crowded with some 120 young men studying for the priesthood. It would appear there are more priestly vocations per million Catholics in this totalitarian climate than in Chicago or Boston! Religious orders are allowed to exist; the Jesuits number about fifty priests and brothers and they have six or seven students living at one of their parishes and also studying at the Erfurt seminary. They are, of course, not allowed to

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operate any schools or teach in state institutions. There are also some Franciscans and Redemptorists and even a couple of Benedictine monks who have returned from a novitiate in Poland to begin a small priory. But it is important to remember that in this tightly ruled and doctrinaire land, where everyone must have an official classification of some kind, the clergy find themselves labeled by the government as "non-productive intellectuals"—certainly a highly vulnerable category and rather close to being a non-person. Priests and bishops are allowed to function liturgically in church, but since neither they nor their religion has any real status, there is the constant threat that what is allowed today may be ended tomorrow.

The all-powerful state gives—and takes away. In Dresden, for example, many marks have been spent to restore the Italianate court chapel and its wonderful Silbermann organ, one of the most important Baroque monuments in the city. As a result, Mass is celebrated there each afternoon for a good-sized congregation of devout Saxon Catholics and Polish tourists. But this enormous church is in the very center of town surrounded by the ruins of the palace and the new business section. No new churches may be built in the suburbs, where, of course, there is the most need.

The situation is similar in Berlin itself. It has been possible to rebuild, with Communist approval and a lot of West German money, the historic St. Hedwig's cathedral just behind the opera house. Its copper dome is an impressive sight from the Unter den Linden, but its congregation is woefully small since almost no one lives in the area. Most parishes meet instead in a rented room, perhaps an old hall or a former schoolhouse. Church furnishings and vestments are paid for by West German "church taxes," as are the small salaries of the clergy. The East German government "allows" the West German Catholic Church to send its money, and so become one of its sources of hard currency.

I concelebrated Mass wtih two East German priests at a parish in the country. The rented room, fixed up with pews and altar, had room for sixty, but on this Sunday morning between eighty and ninety people were packed in the seats and aisles. It looked like a typical summer tourist crowd in a resort area of Wisconsin or Michigan. And, although the clothes lacked some of the American style and color, it was not hard to believe that the standard of living here is the highest of the Communist bloc countries.

The liturgy followed Vatican II norms, with much unaccompanied congregational singing of the traditional hymns that most German Catholics seem to know and love. Almost all received communion (in the hand, of course), and after Mass some stood around the door of the old school building to talk to the pastor. He appeared in his gray suit and blue tie with some candy for the altarboys and a friendly word for the proud parents. It all seemed so pious and respectable and "gemütlich."

However, these are no mere cultural Catholics attending a ritual out of habit. I was, perhaps, the only one in that chapel who have ever lived in a country where freedom of speech is taken for granted. The old people and the middle-aged parents had known the Hitler days, and the teenagers and the children remembered only the late Walter Ulbricht and one of the most rigid of Communist states. And, of course, here deep in the heart of "Lutherland" Catholics have been an almost invisible remnant since the Reformation. It would be hard to find any historical or social prop to support the practice of their faith. There is not even the stimulus of a clear-cut persecution.

State "Liturgy"

Unlike the Jehovah Witnesses, there are not too many East German Catholics in prison. Young Catholics do not refuse to serve in the army, as the Witnesses do, and going to Mass does not constitute a crime. Priests have learned, from long experience, to give sermons that do not anger the authorities. The Liturgy with its traditional hymns and prayers and Bible readings does not seem to offend the state. Rather, it is the state "liturgy" that offends the Christian soul, and has become the major cause of conflict between Catholics and the regime and the reason for considerable anguish within Christian homes.

A substitute confirmation ceremony, the so-called "youth dedication" or "Jugendweihe" goes back to the time of Hitler, who saw the value of a civil liturgy of loyalty to the state at the very time when both Protestant and Catholic young people were getting ready for their church confirmation day. The Communists reinstituted the ceremony after the war and made it even more a parody of the Catholic and Evangelical rites of adolescent confirmation. It appears that the first Catholic impulse was to consider it a mere ceremony of civil maturity and not make a religious issue of it. However, the two Catholic bishops at that time, in Berlin and Beissen, were persuaded by the Protestant leaders to join them in standing firmly against it. Christian youth were, under no conditions, to take part in the "Jugendweihe" since it was tantamount to denial of the faith.

And so, in every Christian home, the year a child is old enough for "youth dedication" is a time of soul-searching and often of real agony. Protestant pastors have since taken a much more benign view and have declared that it does not imply apostasy but only a dedication to a homeland that happens, unfortunately, to be officially atheistic. The Catholic bishops have, at least until now, kept to the earlier and more rigorous position. Individual priests seem eager to excuse young people who go through with the ceremony because of peer pres-

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sure (it is a time of festivity, getting presents, etc.) and the insistence of school authorities (who spend two years putting the children through a kind of socialistic catechesis).

The pastor in this town told me of one boy who stood up in his class just before the "Jugendweihe" and announced that he would not be making it. His father, a skilled engineer, had been injured and was supporting his family rather well through a special pension granted professionals, a good deal more than that given to an incapacitated laborer. The next day he received a phone call asking him if he knew what his son had done and if he realized that he would no longer be receiving the professional's pension. Unless, of course, he persuaded his son to take the oath with his class. . . .

Some youngsters tell their parents they will say the words, but not mean them. One young man sorrowfully told the pastor that he went through with it, but "just moved his lips." In any event, it is clearly a time for sorting out what is God's and what is Caesar's.

To be a church-going Catholic in East Germany means several things. It means, of course, that you can not be trusted as a teacher, that you will never be an officer in the military forces, that you will never be a manager of a firm or a supervisor, and that all government positions are closed to you. But it means also that your children will not attend a university and, as a result, their choice of careers becomes extremely limited. This does not mean, clearly, that they will be uneducated. I met several young Christians who were highly intelligent and well-read—but they will never receive a degree or a position that requires a degree.

Even self-education has its severe limits. Censorship is all-pervasive. The party line reigns supreme and no book or newspaper may question it. Strangely enough, a Catholic publishing house exists. Just after the war, the Catholics approached the leaders of the new regime. Surely the new socialist government would not follow the evil Nazi suppression of Catholic publishing? And so, permission was given for the St. Benno-Verlag in Leipzig. But its output is carefully controlled and its titles are limited to a few devotional works, the altar missal, and the "Katholisches Gesangbuch."

As the pastor cooked a Sunday dinner for me and his guest from Berlin on a little gas burner in his tiny apartment, he invited me to examine his library. There was not a single title by any of the authors who have become important in Western Europe since the Council. Post-Vatican II theology is simply unavailable in the DDR. The priest from Berlin remarked that his greatest penance is the utter theological isolation. "Could I send him something from West Germany or America?" No, nothing printed will get through, and any other presents will cost so much in duty that he could not afford to pick them up at the post office.

"But," the pastor observed, as he served up some blueberries he had picked in the forest, "perhaps we have also avoided some of the recent turmoil. Certainly celibacy and materialism are not major problems for our priests."

The Berliner agreed, "Our Cardinal has said that he has more trouble with West Berlin than with all the rest of the diocese!"

No religious instruction may be given outside of a church building, but it is possible to gather children and young people in church for formational talks. Yet it is the Sunday and holiday liturgy itself which must assume most of the burden, together with family example and instruction, for the communication of the faith. Whether this should be a function of the Mass may be a debated point among many liturgical scholars, but the fact is that it seems to be doing the job rather well.

One would suspect that with aggressive atheism as a common enemy, Catholics and Protestants would have discovered many common causes and arrived at some serious ecumenical cooperation. Such does not seem to be the case. The priests felt that the older Evangelical pastors were more friendly, in general, and that the younger ministers seemed more nervous and suspicious. Certainly the Protestant Church, which had more to lose in a Communist Germany, predictably lost more. The town church of Wittenberg, where Luther himself often preached, may have forty people on Sunday. The Protestant Marienkirche in Berlin had eleven people for a Sunday communion service (including two African students). The pastor of the former Augustinian monastery church (where Luther took his vows and celebrated his first Mass) proudly showed me the Gothic windows and cloister and Luther's cell, but then sadly confessed that he has only thirty people in his Sunday congregation. Perhaps with this sense of loss and defeat and with Reformation monuments all around, little ecumenical enthusiasm can be expected in Saxony and Thuringia. The cathedral of Meissen, reflected in the waters of the Elbe, is symbolic; the nave belongs to the Protestants, and the choir to the Catholics.

While the East German Christians I talked to could hardly be called optimists, neither had they lost their sense of humor and Teutonic irony. And, most of all, from the young pastor of the Marienkirche and his vivacious wife to an elderly Jesuit, they seemed quite without illusions, but, perhaps for that very reason, living with a deep and abiding hope. Each day, just before supper, some of these Christians, young and old, gather in the crypt of the Berlin cathedral of St. Hedwig to celebrate the Eucharist. They pray very close to the tomb of Bernhard Lichtenberg, who preached in that very cathedral against the Nazi evil, was arrested and died on his way to the concentration camp. As the old Jesuit said, "At least this is better than the Nazi days; I would have been shipped away long ago!"

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GAMBLERS SYNONYMOUS

THE SCREEN

In the opening scene of *California Split,* director Robert Altman misleads us in a way which typifies that peculiar vision he has of human experience. A fellow named Charlie (Elliott Gould) and several other people are being dealt a hand of poker by Bill (George Segal). Bill flips Charlie's last card at him in such a way that it bounces off the table, and Charlie grabs for it, perhaps a little too adroitly, considering that he comes up with a joker. Presumably Charlie and Bill don't know each other, but that wild wild card makes us wonder whether they aren't a couple of sharps working as a team. When they meet in a bar after Charlie takes the pot in that hand, we are sure they really are in cahoots as we now suspect. Then their conversation makes it clear that everything we are supposing is wrong. All that's happened, including their meeting in the bar, has been by chance.

In a sense, though, these two men do wind up in cahoots because they are capable of feeding each other's vices. Though they haven't been cheating, they do become friends. This is what is so like Altman—this having something turn out to be true, but *not* in the way we were supposing. Virtually everything in *California Split* follows suit. At the track one day when he spots a bad loser who beat him up earlier, Charlie buries his face in a magazine. Must be afraid the guy will see him, we say to ourselves. But next thing we know Charlie follows the guy to the john and flattens him. If Charlie didn't want to be seen it was only because he hoped to get the guy alone, not because he was afraid. That Charlie is a real poker face.

When Bill succumbs to the charm of a simple-minded prostitute Charlie introduced him to, we think it's sweet that the girl is to be exploited by someone who, for once, might actually like her for herself. Someone like that does indeed make love to her, but it's not Bill. It's another prostitute, a girl friend, who comes home and gently chases Bill out of the young innocent's bed. Then there's the one-armed piccolo player impersonated by Charlie to cheer Bill up. Just when we think that the gag is over—and that it's been, though amusing, not quite amusing enough to get to Bill—Charlie adds a sleight of hand that is the funniest sight gag either Bill or I have seen in years.

However uncertain that opening scene may leave us about the relationship between Bill and Charlie, it does establish that Altman is going to play poker with us. (He always does, really, though he's never thought of putting it that way before.) The game Altman plays with us is the one referred to in the title, "California split." It's a stud poker game where both the best *and* worst hands win. Throughout the game everyone is trying to figure out which way everyone else is playing his hand, high or low, and at the end all declare simultaneously, the two winners splitting the pot. In his movie version of this game, Altman keeps us guessing which of his two protagonists is really the high roller and which has the low moral character. In the end, of course, since the game is California split, we expect them both to turn up winners.

Both of them do remain winning characters too, although, as usual in an Altman movie, not exactly in the ways we would have expected. Charlie is the one we would have thought to come out ahead at the poker or crap tables and nowhere else, while Bill at first seemed more likely to be likable and maybe even heroic. But the truth is that Charlie, the drifter who hangs out at the track and lives as a house guest of prostitutes, proves to be the steadier of the two men. There is never anything desperate or suicidal about his gambling. He goes about it as if he at least hopes to make a living at it; and as is demonstrated by the punishment he exacts from that guy who beat him up, he does draw some kind of line somewhere. Bill, on the other hand, is the one who wins big at the tables. He is also the one more likely to fall into moral turpitude by doing so, even though he has the respectable job and regular habits. One day he pawns everything he owns to get into a game in Reno so he can pay back a loan shark, and he wins in five figures.

A bit earlier in his career Altman was very fond of the sort of central, controlling image that he returns to in *California Split.* In *M*A*S*H* it was antic gore, in *Brewster McCloud,* bird shit, and here it's poker. But ultimately Altman has the sense to see that this metaphor of a game of chance isn't adequate to either life or art. Its finality is too neat, too trivial. In the end of the film he therefore repudiates the metaphor, and breaks the rules, by refusing to "declare" the way one is supposed to in a high-low game. We no sooner think that we have Bill's number, that he has at last shown himself to be the lesser of the two men, than he walks out on his Reno lucky streak.

Maybe this only goes to show that he really is a compulsive gambler, the sort who can't stand to win. Or maybe the action should simply be taken at face value, as a sign of Bill's capacity to quit while he's ahead. It's a perfectly ambiguous gesture on which to end the film, and it makes us tolerate a measure of uncertainty in life that mere card players don't have to put up with once their hand has been called. Unlike poker, Altman's game would seem to go on, the advantage changing between Bill and Charlie, high and low, indefinitely. But that openendedness is what makes both life and Altman's view of it so much more than a game. Like most Altman movies, *California Split* is aces.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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MANAGING LITERARY HISTORY

JOHN DEEDY

Reflecting on a request of W. H. Auden

WRITERS CAN be an imperious lot—many of them, at least. As poets, novelists, essayists, they can spend careers plumbing the lives and emotions of people nearest and dearest to them or, more's the case, the world at large, then from beyond the grave seek to impose restraints on the plumbing of their own lives and emotions. They forbid biographies, demand that their letters be destroyed, order their papers censored and/or locked up. Thackeray, George Meredith, Kafka, Orwell, Eliot and Robert Bridges all sought to bar biographies of themselves. Maria Edgeworth and Henry James confiscated letter files, James burning an archive of forty years. Edith Wharton's correspondence and her diaries were sealed away for thirty years. Ernest Hemingway let it be known that he did not favor the publication of his letters. Now, executors of the estate of W. H. Auden have passed on his request that all correspondence of his, by whomever held and whatever the content, be destroyed. Auden, too, hoped to block a biography.

Presumptuousness may loom large in suppressions such as these, but the intentions are generally honorable—Auden's among them, no doubt. Most writers have an understandable sense of privacy; many may be anxious to spare feelings and, by inhibiting the use of their letters and related papers, to safeguard reputations, if only their own; more commonly, they may prefer to be remembered for their formal writings rather than the lives they led. The thought of biographers and, concomitantly, the idly curious poking into the corners of their lives raises the hackles of many artists. Some with lofty estimate of their work may resent this research as an intrusion of the ephemeral on the eternal, the individual on the universal. Or is it always that artistic fictions must be protected from biographical facts? Whatever, I know a respected poet who is resentful yet of Lawrence Thompson's biography of Robert Frost, feeling that Frost's private life has now been unloosed to intrude upon the reading and appreciation of his poetry. His position is that artists should be allowed to adopt a particular persona for their art, and when this turns out to be radically different from that of private life, the private persona must be protected. This point of view would not be alien to some of those cited.

But, of course, life does not provide for such neat divisions—neither for bank robbers nor for artists. If the writers are sufficiently interesting in themselves and, more especially, if their works are historically and literarily meritorious, their lives will out. Barriers of privacy will crumble before caricatures born of secrecy and rumors, as in Thackeray's case. Or they will give way to the pressures of legitimate scholarship. Orwell's wife Sonia and Eliot's wife Valerie have both been obliged to set aside the preferences of their husbands and name official biographers. Or good sense will at last prevail; a new edition of the extant correspondence of Henry James will restore passages deleted by the James family from Percy Lubbock's 1920 edition.

For reasons that time will develop, one or another of these eventualities will materialize with respect to Auden, whatever the dictates of his last will and testament. If history is at all prelude, it cannot be otherwise. Kafka wanted his papers destroyed—correspondence, book manuscripts, everything. But his letters to Felice Bauer landed in a fat tome on library shelves last year and we have, thankfully, *The Trial*, *The Castle*, and various short stories, all saved and published posthumously. In his book about his brother, Leicester Hemingway conscientiously refrained from reproducing Ernest's letters. But Hemingway letters turn up regularly at literary auctions and in the shops of dealers in autographs and manuscripts; no one is mortally hurt. If in some instances the cry of foul is raised, it is usually stilled by its own unreasonableness. Personal reputations seldom suffer irreparably by posthumous revelations, and literary reputations —if substantial to begin with—not at all. On the contrary, literary history is enriched and the artists emerge as fuller persons. It is the letter-burners and destroyers of other papers—like the little old lady in Massachusetts who did away with a box of Byron letters before she died a year and more ago—who go down as vandals and villains.

The paradox is that in seeking to limit the look of history into themselves, writers—or anyone else for that matter —succeed less in defining the areas they deem of legitimate interest to posterity than they do in creating suspicions, valid or otherwise, that they have something to conceal: some deep embarrassment, some flaw of character, some dishonor, some humiliation. A major reason why T. S. Eliot placed obstacles in the way of a biography—apart from shyness and some strong convictions about what is important in the life of the creative person—was to keep unprivileged eyes off the tragic problems of his first wife Vivienne and their disastrous marriage. The action turned out to be as futile was as it was ill-advised. Inevitably it became the

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object of colorful interpretations, quickening the decision of Eliot's widow, Valerie, to name an authorized biographer in hopes of putting an end to what she considers gossip and scandalous rumor.

Because of his homosexuality, Auden's motives in seeking the destruction of his correspondence invite the most titillating of speculations, and there must be those who feel, along with Richard Crossman of *The Times* of London, that Auden grew "ashamed of his early manhood" and wished it and possibly other facets of his life buried forever. It is an easy theory, but whatever relevance it has must be divorced from embarrassment about sexuality. The fact is that Auden came to live comfortably with his homosexuality, speaking openly of it, particularly as the conventions of the new morality gained ground. The *New York Times'* obituary stated that Auden's "acceptance of his state had given him an easier time on a restless earth," an observation no one disputes. In any instance, a fully adjusted, openly reconciled homosexual is not exactly the type person to set about wiping away an allegedly "shameful" sexual past by means of a legal document.

Auden's motives for asking the destruction of his correspondence had to be otherwise, and the strongest likelihood is bound up with privacy and Eliot-like feelings about the primacy of an artist's work over the minutiae of his life. Certainly this theory is consistent with some neo-classicist notions about poetry being a kind of divinity. "A genuine artist believes he has been put on earth to fulfill a certain function determined by the talent with which he has been entrusted," Auden once wrote. "His personal life is, naturally, of concern to himself and, he hopes, to his personal friends, but he does not think it is or ought to be of any concern to the public." Auden felt so strongly on the point that he would dismiss speculations on the mysterious figures of Shakespeare's Sonnets—the Friend, the Dark Lady, the Rival Poet, Mr. W. H.—as being for "the foolish and the idle," preoccupations that even if successful would not illuminate understanding of the Sonnets themselves.

In similar context would Auden chill a friend who one day in a bookstore would pick up a life of Byron and offer it to him as an item in which he might be interested. Rulers, statesmen and generals might make valid biographical subject material, but the case of the artist is quite different, Auden maintained. "The relation between his life and his works is at one and the same time too self-evident to require comment . . . too complicated ever to unravel." Auden allowed exceptions for artistic analysis, study of influences, changes of style. But biography? It is permissible, Auden would say, "provided that the biographer and his readers realize that such an account throws no light whatsoever upon the artist's work."

There is a certain pretentiousness in all of this, or is it hypocrisy? This is the same Auden, recall, who in reviewing J. R. Ackerley's book, *My Father and Myself*, would complain at some length because Ackerley, in detailing his homosexual life, "is never quite explicit about what he *really* preferred to do in bed." An artist who enters that complaint about another seems hardly the person to be establishing narrow ground rules of privacy for himself.

Apart from that, however, there is a certain naiveté in Auden's expectations, and letter writers to the *Times Literary Supplement* of London were quick to seize on it in the extended correspondence that followed publication there of Auden's posthumous request that "any friends who have letters from me . . . burn them when they've done with them, and on no account . . . show them to anybody else." (Identical requests were also published in the *New York Times Book Review* and the *New York Review of Books* but, curiously, evoked not a single published response.) "The role of a public man involves penalties as well as privileges," reminded William Chapman of Hertford College, Oxford, "and one of the penalties is that a man as famous as Mr. Auden was must expect his private life to be a matter of interest to many." Hugh Brogan of St. John's College, Cambridge, took the point further: ". . . Auden was a figure of such central importance to the intellectual and artistic history of our times; a man so interesting in himself; and will always, above all, be recognized as so great a poet, that it is absolutely certain that his biography will be written: probably many times. If his friends destroy his letters, or any other evidence, they will simply be ensuring that a good biography cannot be written; or rather, that the best biography will inevitably contain a great deal of more or less intelligent conjecture. Is this what they want for him?" The question is cogent, and has caused considerable agonizing among Auden's associates and the executors of his estate.

Some friends and publishers acted reflexively on Auden's directive for his letters. "If he says they should be burnt, I shall burn them," British poet and critic Geoffrey Grigson, a friend of Auden's since Oxford days, told *The Times* of London. At Random House, vice-president and editor Jason Epstein said the Auden correspondence will be kept "for practical reasons," since it deals with contractual and other technical matters. But, he continued, "I will destroy it when the legal department tells me. . . . If he wanted it to be destroyed, it should be destroyed." His is a sentiment echoed by editor Robert B. Silvers of the *New York Review*. "After we go over the correspondence and see if there is anything in it that we have to take account of, then we will get rid of it," Silvers commented. (William Shawn of *The New Yorker* did not take a telephone call or answer a letter inquiring about plans for the Auden correspondence file at that magazine.)

Other Auden associates were more tentative. "I have not yet decided what I shall eventually do with the W. H. Auden correspondence," author and old Auden friend James Stern wrote me from his home in Wiltshire last February. "However, if I do not destroy it," he added, "I think it is highly un-

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likely that I should wish it to be scrutinized by scholars and biographers in my lifetime."

Then there are those adamantly opposed to destroying anything of Auden's. "Though we very deeply regret that we are disregarding the request of an author for whom we felt the deepest respect and affection, we feel that these letters are an important part of our archives and that it would be wrong of us to destroy them," Charles Monteith of Faber and Faber, Auden's British publisher, wrote to the *Times Literary Supplement*. "We intend, in the reasonably near future, to commission a history of the firm and to the writer of it they will be essential."

Apparently, considerable resoluteness for preservation, if not for early revelation, has been drawn from Stephen Spender—"probably the longest-standing" of Auden's "best friends," in the words of *The Times*—who let it be known that he did not intend to destroy his Auden correspondence, even though Auden himself had conveyed this wish to him before he died. To Auden "I made no comment," Spender told *The Times*. "Some letters of his are really of interest. The best thing to do is to keep them and not publish them in any way."

Spender affirmed this intention in a letter to me dated June 16, 1974. "In fact I think that Wystan—if he was really serious in making his request, which I rather doubt—was wrong. After all," Spender wrote, "one casts one's bread upon the waters. A letter is a gift and one cannot posthumously control one's gifts to others." What Auden meant, Spender speculated, was that "in cases where a modern 'candid' biographer would want to print things private and perhaps harmful to his reputation, he would wish his friends to withhold such material. This seems a reasonable request." Spender did not preclude the possibility of sharing his Auden correspondence with *bona fide* scholars and biographers. "I would ask the advice of the trustees before releasing Auden's letters," he declared, "or at any rate I would inform them of what I was doing."

One Auden executor has allowed that he was "having second thoughts" about Auden's request, under the influence of the Spender position, as expressed in *The Times*, and the argument that the correspondence of a figure such as Auden does not belong to the individual but to literary history. This is poet William Meredith of Uncasville, Conn. (There are actually three executors: Meredith and Monroe K. Spears of Houston, named in 1964, and Auden bibliologist Edward Mendelson of New Haven, designated literary executor in legal papers posthumously completed.) Unfortunately, Meredith's post-factum doubt does not cancel out the advice that was contained in the executors' letters to *TLS*, the *Times Book Review* and the *New York Review*. Nor does it stay the hands of those at Random House and the *New York Review* from their prospective fiery rituals. Nor, alas, does it bring back what has already been destroyed.

What and how much has been destroyed no one knows for sure. Many of those who exchanged correspondence with Auden are not talking for the record—particularly, it seems, if they might have done some destroying. It is as though some dirty deed had been done, the memory of which must now be suppressed. A person who destroyed three Auden letters scratched the admission in a quick return telephone call.

At least two of Auden's executors destroyed letters. One spoke candidly about his action. "I don't know how I could ask other people to destroy their correspondence if I didn't do it myself," Meredith remarked by phone from Pittsburgh, where he was spending the year as a visiting professor at Carnegie-Mellon University. Meredith labeled Auden's wish "quixotic," and said that if he had know Auden was going to include it literally in the executor's instructions, he would have protested. "You don't preserve the privacy of life by such a request," Meredith declared. In any case, confronted by terms of the will filed at New York County Surrogate's Court, Meredith went through his Auden letters, sorted out two for deferred decision (one dealing with his executorship), and consigned the rest to his fireplace. "I did it, first, because I do want to be a conscientious executor. Secondly, this is a serious honor as well as a serious responsibility, and I figure it is a small price to pay." How many letters did he burn, and what was their nature? Meredith hedges. "There were not very many, and they were not very important or very interesting to anyone. They had sentimental interest to me," Meredith remarked, "but they were not of any considerable literary significance. Everything in them is in his works in one place or another."

Meredith's is one rationale in defense of destruction; another is what seems to be the terse, business-like character of so much of Auden's correspondence. He was not an expansive letter-writer—"two words on a card," says Epstein; "about two lines" to a letter, according to Spender. Thus one Auden associate, who insisted on anonymity, would excuse his act of destruction on the grounds that "there was nothing lost to literature in letters that said merely, 'I will be there next Tuesday,' or 'I cannot give the lecture at .....,'" naming a prestigious Ivy League university.

But, of course, brevity and formality are not always indicators of literary or biographical non-relevance. In the files of the *New York Times* is a letter from Auden asking to review a book of poems by Chester Kallman, an innocuous request on the surface, but one that provides insight into Auden and, by extension, into the proclivity of poets to run around, in the words of *Times Book Review* editor John Leonard, "promoting or pummeling each other in public with a breathtaking disregard for the niceties of critical discourse." The *Times* discreetly refused Auden's offer, and reportedly the *New York Review* and the *New Republic* did so also— but not *Harper's*. Its March, 1972, issue featured a lavish Auden critique of Kallman's *The Sense of Occasion*. "He is a difficult poet to quote from because his poems are so tightly knit that any passage depends for its full effect upon its place in the whole," Auden wrote in seeking to "rectify"

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literary "neglect" of Kallman. . . . Kallman, however, is still less known as a poet than as Auden's Friend for over thirty years and, now, as the beneficiary of his will.

The Auden file at the *Times Book Review* will remain intact, by the way. "I disapprove of people destroying the letters of great writers," declared Leonard. "If there are letters that are embarrassing or insulting to someone, I would think of it. But on the whole I am for preservation. People have destroyed letters in the past and it only ends up with bad books coming of it." The *Times'* Auden file, accordingly, is open to researchers, although Leonard is not promising much. "I opened the file in the past to a scholar," Leonard commented over the telephone. "He looked and was bored."

In sum, it is likely that nothing drastic is going to result from Auden's request that his correspondence be destroyed. Meredith is undoubtedly right when he figures that the request will be honored more in the breach than the observance. Biographies will be written independent of Auden's wishes, and these will take place alongside reminiscences and memoirs—to which, incidentally, Auden never objected. In all these literary forms, Auden's correspondence will figure. The only question is how long it will take for time to break down prevailing reticences. Meanwhile, look for prices to shoot up on Auden letters reaching the commercial market. *American Book Prices Current* for 1970-71 records a collection of four autograph letters and an autograph postcard selling for $130; and for $110, a page and two-thirds autograph letter containing autobiographical data and comment about the inclusion of poems in an anthology. Such prices may soon rank with the 29-cent gallon of gasoline and the 25-cent loaf of bread. A Mamaroneck, N.Y., dealer has a three-sentence, 1940 postcard written by Auden from 1 Mountjoy Terrace in Brooklyn Heights, to an official of the Book and Magazine Guild in New York City. He values the postcard at between $100 and $125, but adds quickly he is not selling. "I want something of Auden's," he declared. "I place pride of ownership above value." The dealer may not be typical of those who handle manuscripts and letters, but obviously he is aware that Auden's request makes a rare item rarer—and more valuable. The supreme irony of Auden's request therefore might be to so inflate the dollar value of his correspondence that special care will be taken about everything to which he set his pen. Thus what otherwise might be lost or discarded might now be carefully preserved. This is not what Auden intended, but it is what his literary reputation deserves.

BOOKS

A PSYCHOANALYTICAL AFFAIR

JEFFREY MEYERS

The Freud-Jung Letters

WILLIAM McGUIRE, ed.

Princeton, $17.50

The 360 superbly edited letters of Freud and his most brilliant disciple and chosen heir, Jung, chronicle one of the great moments in the history of modern thought and build up to a truly tragic climax that was inevitable from the very beginning of their friendship. As early as his fourth letter to Jung in December 1906, Freud justified his carefully considered resistance to opinions that differed from his own; and the following month he warned Jung, who was nineteen years younger than himself, not to "deviate too far from me when you are really so close to me. . . . My inclination is to treat those colleagues who offer resistance exactly as we treat patients in the same situation."

After their first meeting in Vienna in March 1907, Jung assumed a filial relationship, confessed "the tremendous impression you made on me" and hoped "my work for the cause will show you the depths of my gratitude and veneration." Their frequent and mutually stimulating letters, punctuated by an exchange of photographs and increasingly intimate forms of address, soon led to affection, confidence and friendship. In those early days of psychoanalysis, when Freud and Jung saw deeply into things even when they did not see clearly, they tried out their embryonic ideas on each other before they put them into print, and exchanged insights about their current cases.

Freud and Jung were inspired by a total devotion to their ideas that recalls the passionate commitment of the Crusaders and the Russian revolutionaries, and they shared many triumphant moments: the First International Psychoanalytic Congress at Salzburg in 1908, the founding of the *Jahrbuch* and the lectures at Clark University in 1909 (they sailed to America together and analyzed each other's dreams as they strolled around the deck). And they developed a wonderful *camaraderie* that was stimulated by the collective stupidity of their adversaries, who attended conferences but only understood the dinner. Freud recommended ruthlessness: "Our opponents are pachyderms, you must reckon with their thick hides"; and the more fiery Jung once replied: "of course the slimy bastard was lying. I hope you roasted, flayed and impaled the fellow with such a genial ferocity that he got a lasting taste

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for once of the effectiveness of psychoanalysis."

But Freud and Jung lived in different countries, met infrequently and maintained their friendship through a correspondence that was always subject to misunderstandings. A constant problem was Freud's habit (or compulsion) of answering mail on the day he received it, and Jung's inability (or unwillingness) to correspond so frequently. As Freud wrote, "What you say about my resentment of your tendency to neglect our correspondence warrants a more thorough psychoanalytical elucidation. . . . Resentment is bound to accumulate in the course of a year between two persons who demand a good deal of each other.'"

Both men did a titanic amount of work (Freud saw patients from 8 A.M. until 8 P.M. six days a week, and wrote his books in the evenings and on Sundays); and both were subject to the intense strain of absorbing themselves in the troubled lives of their patients. Jung had the feeling that he was practicing vivisection on human beings with intense inner resistance, and Freud bluntly warned that "we must never let our poor neurotics drive us crazy." Both men had their professional failures with difficult or impossible cases, and a large number of their brilliant but disturbed colleagues—including Johann Honegger, Otto Gross, Victor Tausk and Wilhelm Stekel—could not bear this strain and committed suicide.

It was inevitable as Jung grew in stature and developed his own ideas, that he would not only contribute to Freud's theories but would also deviate from them. To protect himself from Freud's intellectual and emotional demands, and to free himself from his chosen role as son and disciple, Jung developed what Freud called a "self-preservation complex." The final break came after Jung modified Freud's incest and libido theories during a series of lectures at Fordham University in 1912, and attempted to free pscyhoanalysis from the purely sexual standpoint. Since the sexual theories were the cornerstone of Freud's thought and had provoked the greatest opposition and even ridicule, Freud naturally felt betrayed by the man he had addressed as "dear son Alexander [the Great]" (the pupil of Aristotle), and had promised: "I will leave you more to conquer than I myself have managed, all psychiatry and the approval of the civilized world, which regards me as a savage!"

When Jung raised the basic issue—whether deviations were to be tolerated or not—all their repressed hostility suddenly surfaced and their entire relationship was re-examined in a new light. Freud's fears that Jung's estrangement would lead to defection and follow the pattern of his earlier friendships with Wilhelm Fleiss and Alfred Adler were intensified when a slip of Jung's pen revealed an unexpected sympathy with Adler's heresies and when Jung failed to visit Freud during the Master's visit to Switzerland.

Freud had revealed the crucial problem in his New Year's letter of 1912 when he complained, "The trouble with you younger men seems to be a lack of understanding in dealing with your father-complexes"; and the letters begin to catch fire during the *Götterdämmerung* of 1912 when the rival analysts analyzed each other with subtle and perceptive malice. Jung quite rationally refused "to be treated like a fool riddled with complexes. I think I have objective reasons for my views." Freud changed his greeting from "Dear friend" to "Dear Dr. Jung," stated that personal variations are quite justified and that he still felt "the same need to continue our collaboration."

As the conflicts and antagonisms increased, Freud deprecated Jung's work and the disciple responded with startling personal attack. He found Freud's personal identification with the neurotic in need of treatment "very significant"; and recalled that when he sought more details of Freud's private life during his shipboard interpretation of Freud's dreams, the latter remarked that he "could not submit to analysis *without losing his authority*." Finally he begged Freud to take his statements "as an *effort to be honest* and do not apply the depreciatory Viennese criterion of egoistic striving for power or heaven knows what other insinuations from the world of the father complex."

After a heated exchange of eight letters in two weeks, in which Jung was defiant and aggressive, Freud dignified and defensive, the disciple returned to the Master's early admission and made this fundamental accusation:

> I would point out that your technique of treating your pupils like patients is a *blunder*. In that way you produce either slavish sons or impudent puppies. . . . You reduce everyone to the level of sons and daughters who blushingly admit the existence of their faults. Meanwhile you remain on the top as the father, sitting pretty. . . . I don't give a damn for my symptomatic actions; they shrink to nothing in comparison with the formidable beam in my brother Freud's eye.

Though many of Freud's pupils had, in fact, been his patients, he rightly rejected the charge that he misused psychoanalysis to keep his students in a state of infantile behavior. Finally, in January 1913, Freud reminded Jung that "one who while behaving abnormally keeps shouting that he is normal gives ground for the suspicion that he lacks insight into his illness. Accordingly, I propose that we abandon our personal relations entirely. . . . Take your full freedom and spare me your supposed 'tokens of friendship.'"

One must feel regret and sadness that their friendship, which had led to such intellectual triumphs and had been one of the high points in the life of both men, had to end in this bitter fashion. But Jung had to challenge and destroy the authority of the father in order to preserve his own personal integrity; and Freud, threatened by the enormous hostility to his ideas, had to

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REVIEWERS

JEFFREY MEYERS' new books include *The Romantic Temperament in Politics* (Basic Books) and *A Reader's Guide to Orwell*.

FATHER RICHARD P. MCBRIEN teaches theology at Boston College and is the author of *Do We Need the Church?* (Harper & Row).

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reassert his authority in order to preserve the coherence of his followers. As Nietzsche writes in *Zarathustra:* "One repays a teacher badly if one remains only a pupil. . . . Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you."

Women Priests in the Catholic Church?

HAYE VAN DER MEER, S.J.

Temple University Press, $10.

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

You can't judge a book by its cover. With buttoned Roman collar and crucifix set in an eerie half-light against a black background, it needs only a skimpily-clad woman with Spock-like eyes to make it catchy enough for the fiction section of the paperback racks.

Women Priests in the Catholic Church? is as far removed from that genre as it could be. Indeed, it is the author's unedited and unrevised doctoral dissertation, which he completed at Innsbruck in the summer of 1962—before the opening of Vatican II and the emergence of the women's rights movement.

Nonetheless, this represents an important and commendable publishing venture on the part of Temple University Press. Particular credit is owed to the translators, Arlene and Leonard Swidler, who have excelled not only in their primary job but also in their secondary task of producing an exceedingly useful foreword wherein they trace the theological and pastoral developments which have occurred since van der Meer did his investigation.

His goal is relatively modest: simply to show that the useful arguments *against* the ordination of women are at best problematical and at worst insupportable. The author does not attempt any positive arguments in favor of such ordinations. On the contrary, in one of his very few lapses, he stumbles into agreement with a contemporary view that the unsuitability of women for pastoral office is obvious, although he concedes that this is at least partially because the pastoral office in its traditional forms is formed by men. The translators suggest that van der Meer would be challenged on a comment like that today, and well he might.

One of the most appealing aspects of this book is that it confronts the prohibitionists on their own grounds—and destroys them there.

The opponent of women's ordinations declares that Scripture will not allow the practice. "First it must be demonstrated," van der Meer insists, "that Jesus and Peter and the primitive Palestinian church in general chose only males as witnesses precisely because divine law decreed only males could be apostles, and not simply because it was more appropriate to the concrete situation of time and place." And he is master of the understatement: "Such a proof would not be simple."

Insanity Defense

By RICHARD ARENS

With a Preface by Harold D. Lasswell

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"New York Law Journal," July 19, 1974

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To put it more precisely, he says, our theologians have not yet worked out an adequate method by which to distinguish what is required by "divine law" and what is demanded by "church law" alone. The situation is not too much better even now, fourteen years later. Karl Rahner has done some important writing on the subject and, on this side of the Atlantic, Carl Peter, of the Catholic University of America.

The issue is, of course, at the heart of the ordination controversy. The negative side argues that the prohibition against women's ordinations is a command of God. Obedience to such commands must be unconditional. No one can disagree with that in principle. But how does one decide whether something has or has not been commanded by God? How does one distinguish between divine commands which are time-conditioned and divine commands which are eternal? Sacred Scripture alone, van der Meer argues, does not sustain the prohibitionist position.

The Fathers of the Church present a similar problem. Our theological and historical conventional wisdom dictates that the Fathers were uniformly anti-feminist. Those who have never read the Fathers imagine and assume the very worst. The author admits that the Fathers are, without exception, univocal on the question of whether a woman *may* be a priest. But on the question of whether a woman *can* be a priest—that is, on the essential validity of such ordinations—there was no speculation.

While the various patristic texts are clearly against a female priesthood, they often lose their harshness when read in context. Van der Meer concludes that there was no unanimity on the position of women, nor have we a clear criterion to distinguish where the Fathers have consciously formulated dogma in their argumentation with the heretics (particularly with the Montanists who recognized the ordination of women) and where variable time-bound concepts have prevailed.

The author moves next to the arguments from the magisterium (anyone weaned on the traditional theological manuals can follow the author's progress without a program). He notes with some amazement that there has never been any formal declaration on the part of the extraordinary magisterium of the Church in reference to this question. Obviously the case with individual synods and nondogmatic papal statements is different. But his point is that the present prohibitionist policy cannot be based on dogma but only on something very much less. What is not dogmatic is not unchangeable (and this is said without prejudice to the significant work done in recent years on the question of dogmatic development).

Finally he shifts his concern to the theological speculation, giving special critical attention to Thomas Aquinas' often embarrassing arguments on the role and function of women in the Church. Van der Meer observes that the first-century social ethos in which the Church and its spiritual office stand fixed is diametrically opposed to the ethos of the mid-twentieth century. Reaching again for the understatement: "That seems to us to be an idea difficult to cope with."

I do not know how many people will want to read this book. I suspect that many who are interested in, and even vigorous advocates of, the ordination of women are already far above the level this dissertation reached. And yet they would be well advised to place this book among their collection of literature on the subject because few others—indeed, I can think of none—are, or will be, disposed to tackle the prohibitionists' arguments on their own intellectual territory as van der Meer does so effectively.

One final comment: van der Meer is too modest when he insists that his book can prove very little; namely, that the arguments which propose an absolute and eternal prohibition against the ordination of women are, at the very least, problematical. But if they are now problematical, as I would readily agree, then the burden of proof has shifted to the other side. On what grounds do they exclude one-half of the Church from exercising their baptismal responsibilities? On what basis do they deprive the Church of the potential ministerial and leadership services of one-half its membership?

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Having set aside the standard arguments, we are left with the only real argument operative in this debate: the assumption that, before God, women are inherently inferior to men. That is an argument the prohibitionist really ought to develop—if he dares.

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

baptize the baby the minute he heard baptism had been refused—so he insists. Why was his offer not accepted? And why did we never hear about him again? I read *Time,* I read *Newsweek.* I read *Commonweal.* And I think I read everything in the *New York Times.* No Father Keane. It was all very confusing. I felt my authoritative qualifications slipping away.

Father Keane, when I talked to him, was equally puzzled. It was not that he had come on late in the game with his offer. He had made it on the 13th of August—he heard the news on the 12th—and Harry Sabas of NBC radio in Boston had carried it on the air. Mr. Baird, who acted as Mrs. Morreale's agent throughout the controversy, had not held his press conference and broadcast his "worldwide appeal" for someone to baptize the baby until the 15th, the holy day. Mrs. Morreale had an unlisted number and Mr. Baird refused to answer Father Keane's calls. But he had given various reasons for the refusal of the offer to newsmen who made it for Father Keane—all before the press conference and appeal.

"He said I was full of hate, and then he said I was in collusion with the Cardinal." You see, on Monday Father Keane had asked to have *only* the Morreale family present at the baptism—he does not agree with Mr. Baird about abortion. Later he relaxed on this point to appease Mr. Baird. "After all, my main interest was that that little child would have a chance to become an angel, which he couldn't without baptism." (This seemed dubious theology to me, angels being distinctly different from human beings, but I heard Father Keane explain on Channel 27 later that Boston Irish spirituality emphasizes the heart rather than minutiae of theology.) "I even said I would baptize the baby in English," he added.

It should be made clear that Father Keane is of the Boston Archdiocese but "without assignment" because he insists on celebrating the Tridentine Latin Mass for a small congregation without the Cardinal's approval *(cf. Commonweal* "The Latinization of West Roxbury" July 26)—a fact which certainly disproved Mr. Baird's second objection, he pointed out. There was a third objection— that he was insincere because he communicated through the news media. Father Keane thought that was pretty ridiculous in view of Mr. Baird's own predilection for communicating via press conference. The thought might be unworthy but he wondered if Mr. Baird and Mrs. Morreale had not had Father O'Rourke who finally performed the baptism in mind from the beginning. Father O'Rourke had received a call asking him to baptize the child on the 13th—the same day he, John Keane, had offered. Father O'Rourke was more in sympathy with Mr. Baird on abortion, of course, and at that time a Jesuit besides. I didn't know what to say to Father Keane about that. I really didn't know what to think. So I was glad when we went back to talking about the Pardon in Chatham (although there are some theological problems in that topic, too). But I think Father Keane should get mention. He thinks babies should be baptized no matter what and is equal to Father O'Rourke in his willingness to tell it to the world.

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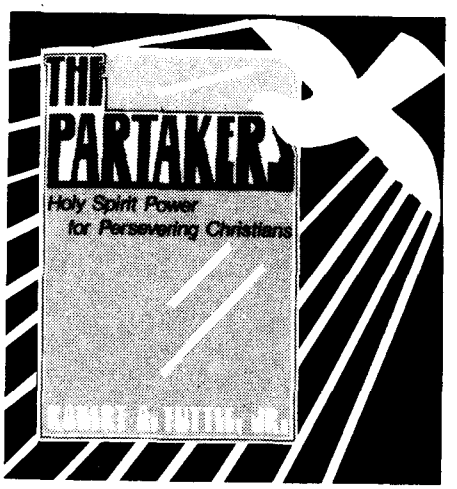
CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 27)

doxy tests for the laity in order for them to qualify for a sacrament? If we deny baptism to the children of sinners, what will be left of the Church in a generation? As we struggle to learn new and faithful ways of living with pluralism, are we to use the sacraments as instruments of sanction and publicity in regard to controversial issues? And who is to make such a decision? Are the sacraments the possession of the clergy? What kind of theological rationale can be offered for this *de facto* ex-communication of a child?

This new "idea" moves us one step further toward a view of the Church as a private club, one among many institutions in society, a voluntary association with a disregard for personal rights and for communal decision-making. If you want to belong, you pay your price, shut your mouth, and stay on the good side of whoever happens to be in charge. I find it ridiculous.

And of course the final, gruesome irony is that people who claim to be deeply concerned about the welfare of the fetus should be so unconcerned about the welfare of an infant.



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The Church that I believe in does not express its innermost reality by facing a child and saying: You are not welcome. I am grateful to my brother Joseph O'Rourke for helping me and the rest of the Church express ourselves in fidelity to the Spirit of Christ in relation to this child, this new life among us.

(REV.) ROBERT J. EGAN, S.J.

Cardiff, Ca.

To the Editors: Your editorial [Sept. 20] on "Joseph O'Rourke, Ex-S.J." quite simply will not wash. An average high school debater might very readily tear to shreds the flimsy premises and gratuitous assertions. Father O'Rourke is still in good standing in the church and in his "community." He's no longer a Jesuit, officially. He hasn't been one in actuality for some time, according to your account. Any society has a democratic right to require its members to fully accept its legitimate principles. At least in a free society. My only regret is that the Jesuits haven't dismissed Nixon's McLaughlin. Yet.

I love you truly, *Commonweal*! But this time you've goofed.

(REV.) JAMES T. CALLAHAN

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: I read the lengthy editorial on Joseph O'Rourke with interest [Sept. 20]. At least two of your statements set me thinking:

1) religious orders are a public trust in a sense,
2) the internal procedures of these orders should be aligned more with the American policy of due process.

I believe *Commonweal* is contributing to a deeper appreciation of the American Catholic Church by advancing these two proposals. They are eminently reasonable and they sprout right from the soil of the New World. Yet I cannot think of two ideas that stand in greater opposition to the idea of religious orders as traditionally understood.

(It perhaps indicates that I am more of a populist than you, when I say that religious orders are a public trust in every sense. Certainly the definition of the church as the People of God allows one to err in this extreme.)

In any case, I don't think it would hurt to have a little public sunlight shine on the internal procedures of religious orders. If the fear of God doesn't prevent superiors from acting in a highhanded way, no doubt the fear of the People will.

WILLIAM G. AYLWARD

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: I am in complete agreement with the conclusions expressed in your editorial [Sept. 20] concerning Father O'Rourke's dismissal from the Jesuit Order. The Morreale child should have been baptized as routinely as Catholic infants usually are, with the spiritual responsibility for his proper religious formation left to the consciences of his parents and sponsors. Even on purely pragmatic grounds: it is possible, indeed highly probable, that had the parish priests complied, their action could have been publicized as

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evidence of "inconsistency" or as a "weakening" of the Church's doctrinal opposition to abortion, but that was a minor risk compared to the certain reaction they must have known their refusal would provoke. As for the Jesuit authorities, they could certainly have found some temporary and less severe penalty for Father O'Rourke's act of disobedience, especially when it reflected, at least in part, an extension of sacramental grace to an infant who was completely innocent of any of the questionable motivations that may have governed the actions of the adults involved. (Incidentally, O'Rourke's act has to be considered one of disobedience regardless of the objections attributed to his defenders; it ill behooves someone whose career has been gloriously maverick to take refuge now in the narrow legalism cited in your editorial.)

Having said this, however, one must go on to other equally important dimensions of this altogether shameful affair. I, for one, cannot escape the suspicion that the whole thing was a carefully calculated "set-up." I base this on the Boston press and television reports which were quite extensive and not particularly favorable to parish or diocesan authorities. In the first place, how is one to reconcile the urgency and insistence with the fact that the child was already three months old at the time he was presented for baptism? This, coupled with the astonishing statement attributed to the mother that, to spare Fr. O'Rourke any disciplinary action, she was willing to have the baptism "withdrawn," simply does not demonstrate a wholehearted commitment to the sacred ritual of entry into the Church or, for that matter, a very clear idea of what was involved in the sacrament.

Nor can one overlook the involvement of Bill Baird, a man who has been conducting a public vendetta against the Boston archdiocese for several years. Baird, who advertises a running total of the abortions he has arranged in much the same manner that McDonalds counts hamburgers, struck this observer as being much too well equipped to have orchestrated the grand controversy on a moment's notice. Rather, his grandstand appeals for help for the spiritually deprived mother and child gave every indication of having been prepared in advance; at that it was almost sidetracked by the unprogrammed offer from a Boston priest (himself in some ecclesiastical difficulties because of his ultra-traditionalism) to perform the baptism, an obstacle that publicist Baird was able to ignore and overcome.

At which point Father O'Rourke entered from the wings. One must ask why, with a Boston priest proclaiming his readiness in the public press, it was necessary for someone, presumably Baird, to telephone St. Paul to enlist the services of a New York Jesuit. Why, taking it at face value that Father O'Rourke's concern was to provide the sacramental grace that had been so callously withheld, could the baptism not have been performed in the parents' home (or quietly in some Jesuit chapel) instead of at a public demonstration scheduled to take place at a stated time on the steps of the parish church—with, of course, the fullest complement of reporters and television cameras Mr. Baird could muster? Finally, was it really necessary, or even appropriate, for him as officiating priest to invite so outspoken an opponent of the Catholic Church as Baird to finish off the ceremony by making a Sign of the Cross on the child's forehead?

Let me repeat: the child should have been baptized; Father O'Rourke should not have been expelled for performing the ceremony. But until I find some more satisfactory answers to those questions, I am going to assume that the whole affair was contrived for the purpose, not of baptizing a child, but of generating precisely the kind of publicity it brought to Baird and to the Catholics for a Free Choice—an organization of which, I am sure, very few people had heard before. That Boston's ecclesiastical authorities were so easily suckered into the trap is no credit to them, but this should not excuse those who set out to exploit a tragic situation and, in the process, demean the Church and its sacraments by creating a public spectacle. Even more disgraceful, however, is what amounts to the "instrumental use" of the Morreale baby (principally by Baird but presumably by his mother and Father O'Rourke as well), subjecting him and his spiritual welfare to a kind of depersonalized public display to serve their own polemical ends. *Commonweal* is right to protest the injustice being done to Father O'Rourke, but I fear the underlying issue is much more complicated than its editorial would lead one to believe.

GORDON C. ZAHN

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Theology

Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., Louis Bouyer and Dr. Paul Minear are three of the visiting professors for the Spring Term, 1975, Department of Theology, Catholic University, Washington, D.C. Contact: Fr. James Coriden, Department of Theology, CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, Washington, D.C. 20064.

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